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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1907.

Taft Looms Up at Boston.

Secretary Taft's Boston speech is worth
reading. He says something and says it
well. It is pitched in the right key—a
strong speech, pertinent to the times, and
worthy of a man seriously aspiring to
the Presidency.Evidently Mr. Taft has profited by his
trip around the world. His virile utterance
now is in striking contrast with the pro-
saic, unconvincing keynote he delivered
at Columbus just before his departure.
To-day he fits the role of administration
candidate—fits it better than ever before
—and the country at large is sure to ap-
praise him more highly for what he has
just said.He gives unqualified indorsement to Mr.
Roosevelt's policies. He supports the record
unreservedly. That is the long and
short of the Boston speech. His is no
apologetic tone. As an administration
champion he appears; not as his defender
or special pleader.Reading his speech, one will not for an
instant suspect him of being a reactionary
in the guise of a radical, but will
accept his words as their face value be-
cause they ring true.Mr. Taft is obviously a much-handled
candidate. Hailing from a State
politically torn asunder, and whose elec-
tional vote will by no means be assured
under existing conditions, he has suffered,
and is still suffering, at the hands of as
clumsy a set of managers as ever came
into the limelight. Apparently he is
doomed to encounter the solidified op-
position of organized labor. Already his
candidacy has felt the resentment natu-
rally engendered by the President's pur-
pose to name his successor. Thus he has
seemingly insurmountable
to overcome to win the nomination. But
he is frankly of the opinion that he made
a good stride at Boston last night. His
speech will put him in closer and more
genuine touch with the real Roosevelt
sentiment of the land—that sentiment
which constitutes Rooseveltism, and
which will be the biggest asset any can-
didate can have in the next campaign.This is the day you take your New Year
resolutions from out the moth
balls, you know, and give them an airing
preparatory to a few days' wear.

Mr. Smith's Reply to the Standard.

We have from the Bureau of Corpora-
tions another of those frequent reminders
of the general wickedness of the Standard
Oil Company, of which Mr. Rockefeller
and his friends have complained so
frankly of the opinion that he made
a good stride at Boston last night. His
speech will put him in closer and more
genuine touch with the real Roosevelt
sentiment of the land—that sentiment
which constitutes Rooseveltism, and
which will be the biggest asset any can-
didate can have in the next campaign.

Fusel Oil in New Orleans?

That sprightly journalistic youngster,
the New Orleans World, in a vigorous
editorial containing even more para-
graphs to the inch than any Arthur
Briehane ever wrote, makes this emphatic
and unequivocal declaration:"We should send a salmon vendor who sells
fuel oil for whiskey to the penitentiary for the rest
of his life."It would interest a great many people
to know the identity of the piratical
villain who has been passing spurious
goods on unsuspecting Editor Leveque and
unsophisticated Associate Editor Rightor.
Unquestionably it is a heinous offense to
substitute fusel oil for real "red likker," as
they call it down South, but we find it difficult
to believe that any such horrid deed
could be committed in New Orleans. If so
and the inference to be drawn from the
World's article is that the Standard Oil
Company seems plain and becomes
one of the beautiful traditions that have
clustered around the Crescent City for so
many years? If so, New Orleans has, in
deed, fallen from her high estate. Time
was when she plied a beverage as
whisky was not even spoken of there,
much less consumed—unless, possibly, in
the corner groceries of the city's purlieu
or the barrel houses along the levees.
The thirsty native and the pro-irrigation-
ist from abroad refreshed themselves, to
be sure, but not on any liquid capable
of being mistaken for fusel oil. If they
possessed wisdom and their good taste
was in keeping with their mental equip-
ment, they lingered awhile in helpful con-
verse with a certain dissipator of gloom
named Ramos, absorbing, meanwhile, one
or two—possibly three—of his incom-
parable, nonintoxicating gin fizzes, the
like of which are to be found nowhere
else on earth, or under the earth, or on
the waters that encompass the earth.Or, if they desired something with a
trifle more of backbone in it, they dodged
the cars on Canal street, crossed into
that part of the city where all thorough-
fares bear quaint old French names, and
got outside of a Sazerac cocktail, which
is to the ordinary cocktail as Wonderful
Washington is to a water-tank town on
a desert plain.If neither nectar-like gin fizz nor am-
broial cocktail appealed to them, they
passed on to the Old Absinthe House and
rested awhile in the shade of its trees.
There was a double treat here, for after
the green liquid had trickled twice or
three through the tiny hole in the bot-
tom of the glass cup, and the thirsty one
had as often imbibed the concoction, fit
for the gods of Olympus, that resulted
from that operation, the swashbuckling
gallants who had duelled and died in the
courtyard a century before came forth
and fought again. Another cupful, and
as like as not, the swish and clash of the
riders gave way to the tinkling of guitars,
and out of the this air floated maidens as
beautiful as hours, with eyes and hair
of midnight blackness, and cream-and-
peaches cheeks, who laughed and mocked
and sang at the thirsty ones, now hardly
as thirsty as before.If, perchance, this Old Absinthe House
was too medieval, or causes and effects
seemed not properly correlated there,
one had only to heed the piercing whistle
of dear old Pere Begue. Under his ancient
roof there was cognac almost as old, or
good red wine, served with a crusty loaf.
If one was dejected, and felt the need of
an incentive to climb telegraph poles,
break plate-glass windows, or stand in
the street and yell, there was always the
macaroni place in Little Italy, where a
thoroughly reliable species of red chine'dwere devoted to showing that the trust
is obeying the law, and intends hereafter
to pursue a law-abiding course. There is
ample room for admiration of the Stand-
ard organization as an industrial mechan-
ism having its proper place in the service
of the people, and feeling against it
would be less vindictive if there were
not a justly founded conviction every-
where that its officers and agents dis-
regard the law whenever needful to secure
advantage over a rival.We don't want to fight, but by jingo, if
we do, we've got the men, we've got the
ships, we've got the bichloride of mer-
cury, the chloroform, the scalpel, the
bandages, the calomel and soda, the quin-
ine, the formaldehyde, and the little
liver pills, too.

"Eight or Nine Navy Departments."

The comment which has addressed it-
self to the reformation of the Navy De-
partment increases in volume and violence.
Much of the criticism is unwarranted
and proceeds on the assumption that a
hopelessly inefficient condition ex-
ists by reason of an incompetent, jealous
bureaucracy, which is pictured as carry-
ing on ceaseless internal warfare, de-
feating the legitimate ends of public busi-
ness. We find the New York Times quot-
ing an unnamed naval officer to the effect
that there exists under the bureau system
"eight or nine Navy Departments, all
working at cross purposes, instead of
one department with one chief authority."The New York paper gives the titles of
the eight bureaus and includes the Marine
Corps, winding up with the remark:
"We had nearly forgotten to mention
that there is, furthermore, a Secretary
of the Navy."Most of the attacks on the Navy De-
partment have proceeded on the theory
that there ought to be a general shake-
up, and have overlooked the fact that
there is a head of the department who
has, under the powers vested in him by
the statutes, the authority to co-ordinate
and harmonize the elements devoted to
the transaction of business in the Navy
Department. There is really no need of
abolishing or merging bureaus, and it is
by no means certain that such a seismic
reorganization, with the establishment of
a general staff, would give the country
any better navy than we have now.There will still be things which experts
will criticize and be all the more secure
in their positions because so much of the
contentions is founded upon theory.
There is bound to be friction where able
and conscientious men entertain views
to which they tenaciously adhere, and
there is something to be said, assuredly,
in behalf of friction as a means of de-
velopment. An entirely pacific adminis-
tration would not only be inane; it
would probably be phlegmatic.A virile and firm administration in the
Navy Department would get the bureau
into working order, if they are not now
in that condition, and in any investiga-
tion which is undertaken by Congress it
would be eminently desirable to have it
ascertained whether the present system
is operated as it should be in order to
obtain the best results. Any sort of
change without the proper amalgamating
processes would leave the situation where
to-day it is said to be by the most re-
lentless of critics."The business of nominating a candi-
date for the Presidency is about the most
solemn one in which an American citizen
can engage," says the Indianapolis News.
On the contrary, it is about the most
noisy.Fusel Oil in New Orleans?
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an incentive to climb telegraph poles,
break plate-glass windows, or stand in
the street and yell, there was always the
macaroni place in Little Italy, where a
thoroughly reliable species of red chine'dlightning, known as claret, could be had
if one ordered spaghetti and artichokes.
There were other beverages, in other
localities, too, each of particular desirabil-
ity or especial potency. But now there is
talk of whisky and fusel oil, which, coming
from experts, can only mean that old
New Orleans has passed away. Therefore
this must be our eyes, this obvious
note of sadness in spite of the gladsome
holiday-time. Can the World do nothing
to help us?Last call in Georgia: "Go, dry, dry,"
and merry, for to-morrow we eat, drink, and
are merry, for to-morrow we go, dry, dry."We do not believe, however, that even
Edie Foy will be any funnier as Hamlet
than some other actors we have seen in
the part.On the eve of the bright and happy
New Year, we would that we might write
it "Honest House," but, alas, we were
not born to nature fake.Senator "Jeff" Davis hates a trust so
bitterly that his syndicated all the
patronage at his disposal under his own
roof-tree. Doubtless his idea is to keep
this octopus right where he can get his
hands on it.Speaker Cannon says he admires "Sec-
retary Taft's" many forms. Evidently
"Uncle Joe's" ideas of what constitutes
good form are somewhat expansive."It costs money to be bad. Greene and
Gardner have spent a large fortune in
keeping out of jail," says the Baltimore
Sun. And it was money worse than
thrown away, at that.Mayor Tom Johnson's new granddaugh-
ter will bear the designation of Signora Fred-
rico Mariani. That's rather a highfalutin
name to have in the family, but Mayor
Tom doubtless will be able to square it up
with the plain people.Mr. John Wesley Gainer's passionate
plea that Congress remain in session dur-
ing the holidays for the purpose of "rivet-
ing down the vultures of Wall street"
was grand, but ineffective. The members
preferred to go home and eat turkey.The Junior Senator from Arkansas is to
visit New York City on January 12, so a
news item says. That's where he will
enjoy himself and hear no unkind or un-
complimentary remarks. New Yorkers
bring a little shy about discussing the
relative merits of United States Senators.Mr. Walter T. Stead's sage remark
about America's determination to walk
into the "Jaws of the Japanese"
merely moves us to conclude that for
some reason he needs a little more ad-
vertising in his business just now."The crookedest railroad in the world
is being built in California," says the
Los Angeles Express. Is this Mr. Har-
rison's undertaking or that of some
ambitious rival?One of the current magazines has an ar-
ticle on "What Lobsters Eat." Any
chorus girl can tell you, if you don't care
to buy the magazine.A Pennsylvania judge says: "No kine
in the world is worth \$2,000." If his honor
is a married man, he will have a time
squaring this with some of the things
he told his wife during the honeymoon days.Dr. Rixey may gather some satisfaction,
however, from contemplating the proverb,
"Thrice he is armed that hath his quarrel
backed by the Big Stick.""The problems that confront a municipa-
lity are not those of rural life," says
the mayor of Toledo. This is what we
would call an extremely conservative plat-
form."A word to the wise is sufficient," and
this, thinks the Cleveland Leader, is why
the lawyers think it necessary to "fire
about 4,000 words at the average jury."And why Mr. Roosevelt thinks it nec-
essary to fire about 3,000 at Congress.Among the other things Santa Claus
put in Delaware's stocking was Mr. "Gas"
Addicks' announced intention to get back
in the political game in that Common-
wealth. This must have looked very
much like a big stick of red-striped candy
to a number of near-patriots thereabouts.King Alfonso eats nine meals a day.
Perhaps there is no monarch in the
world the average hobo envies as he does
Alfonso.Is Mr. Carnegie getting to be a "tight-
wad" for his charity? His yearly amounts
to a paltry \$80,000, while that of Mr.
Rockefeller mounts up to \$2,600,000.The recent visit of two kings and four
queens to England—King Edward
and a quarter of a million dollars—
always costs more to entertain rich kin
than it does poor kin, however.Mr. Charles B. Hanford is billed to
appear in several Kansas towns "in the
title role of 'Antony and Cleopatra.'"
Rather a strenuous undertaking to double
those parts, but we suppose it is nec-
essary in these days of financial flurries."Sh-h-h-h, don't say a word! The fleet
will now try to gum-shoe it by Castro's
ballkick."Disinterested Professional Advice.
Don Judge."Bring me that beefsteak pot-pie—"
"Apples," said the dining car waiter,
listening near by."And bring me some of those French
peas—"
"Yessah, but, boss, maybe you-all don't
know dey's French peas in dat pie.""No, I didn't. Thanks, George. And
ah—and ah, then bring me some pota-
toes.""Yessah, boss; but maybe you-all didn't
know dey's tatesh, too, in dat pie.""No, I didn't. Thanks again, George.
It's mighty nice of you to keep me from
buying a lot of stuff I wouldn't want.""Yassah, Ah reckon it's mighty nice o'
me to do dat, boss. Ah's seen so many,
m-a-n-y people—nice gentlemen, lak you—
all waste money fo' 'veg'etables dat might
jus' as well 'a' been handed over to th'
waitesh. Yessah, Ah sh' hah."When Aliens Die in Egypt.
Under the laws of the country all
bodies must be buried within twenty-
four hours after death. In the case of
foreigners, if relatives desire to remove
the body, it must be embalmed or first
buried for a year. The process of em-
balming in modern Egypt is not only
very expensive, amounting often to \$1,000,
but it is undesirable. Neither is it con-
venient often to bury the dead in a
year preparatory to removal. Whatever
objections therefore may exist elsewhere
to the burning of the dead so that their
ashes may be transported to their own
country, they are without much force in
Egypt. Recently a law has been passed
allowing this disposition of the dead, but
as it is against the religion of the Mo-
hammedans, the government does not see
its way to providing for the burning.Leads Illinois Militia.
Brig. Gen. Edward Clinton Young, who
has been appointed by Gov. Denen as
major general of the Illinois National
Guard and the commanding officer of the
entire State militia, was born at St. Jo-
seph, Mo., in 1862. For four years he was
a cadet at West Point, and became a
lieutenant in the regular army. Subsequently he became captain in the
First Illinois infantry, and then major
and colonel in the First cavalry. He
served in the Spanish-American war.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THEY REMAIN.

Ring in the new! Ring out the old!
That is the proper thing, I'm told.
Ring out, my friends,
The old mistakes, the errors, woes,
Into the past the old year goes;
To-day it ends.Ring out the old! Ring in the new!
That is the proper thing to do.
Get busy, folks,
Yet one exception make would I.
This ringing out does not apply
Unto old jokes.A Complaining Voice.
"I wuz born in a log cabin an' never
learned to read an' write until I wuz
twenty-one years old.""Well?"
"An' yit I've never been even mention-
ed for the Presidency. History is a tickle
jade."No Cause for Alarm.
"John, I'm afraid of burglars."
"You needn't be. Our main possession
is a second-hand carpet, and that's nailed
down."Operative Methods.
The brigands threatened the prisoner,
but in vain. He would not send for a
ransom."Sing him a brigands' chorus," sug-
gested the chief.
After the first effort he yielded.The Passing.
And now, as on the year's last day,
They sound its knell:
This much at least we all may say:
"Hail, and farewell!"Something New.
"What's that you're smoking, a Christ-
mas cigar?"
"No; that's an 'El Gasolino.' They're
put up exclusively for the automobile
trade."A Royal Scribe.
"Gadzooks!" said the king, 715 times.
"And now," concluded he, "I'll hire
some varlet to supply the filler, and I'll
have a first-class historical novel."Among Girl Friends.
"What did you do when he caught you
under the mistletoe?"
"I ran."

"I see, in a small circle."

NOTHING SERIOUS.

From the Philadelphia Press.
The Way It Goes.
"When I first knew that man," said the
observant waiter, "he couldn't have been
making more than \$1,000 a year. I'll bet
it's \$10,000 now.""How do you know?" asked the other.
"He used to give a 50-cent tip, but now
he only gives me a nickel."Merely a Trifle.
"Deah me!" sighed Cholly Sappy, "I'm
a twiddle under the weathah—"
"Of course you are," interrupted Miss
Knox. "If you're under the weather at
all."Anything but Rare.
"No, I don't like him, because he's al-
ways trying to say something funny.""Well, you must admit that he has a
rare wit.""I disagree with you there. I think it's
overdone."Eloquent Silence.
"Maud and her beau are still in the
parlor," said the girl's father.
"How do you know they're still there?"
"Because everything is still there."Back Talk.
"Your reform party," sneered the city
politician, "didn't poll a very big vote in
your town at the last election, did it?""No," replied the honest resident of
Swamphurst, "but your party is losing
ground in our town, too.""Oh, well, ground in Swamphurst ain't
worth much."On the Avenue.
He thought his style would turn the
head."Of every girl that day;
And every head, indeed," he said,
Was turned—the other way.

TARIFF REFORM AN ISSUE.

Gov. Johnson Denounces the In-
iquity of Existing Schedules.Gov. John A. Johnson, in the New York
Times, has denounced the tariff schedules
of this country as reached a point
where the proper adjustment of right has
become the question of the hour. The
present unrest of our people is evidence
of the determination shared by all that
the fundamental principles of this gov-
ernment shall be maintained. These in-
clude the dignity of labor, equality before
the law, the equal enforcement of the
laws, and entire absence of special privi-
leges.Great corporations, especially those exer-
cising at least some of the powers of
government, must come to the realization
that they are as amenable to the law as
is the individual citizen.The true problem is still to be solved;
but, while searching for the complete
remedy, we can at least withdraw from
their grasp the special privileges they
have enjoyed under a high protective
tariff.It must be apparent that our present
tariff, while mainly responsible for the
existence of the trusts, is, in addition,
a tax upon the masses for the benefit of
the few.The farming of luxes in France before
the Revolution, was no more iniquitous
than is our present tariff system. Nine-
teen hundred and eight will be a mem-
orable year for the struggle of equal
right and American ideals; the year will
see tariff reform accomplished or well
under way, for if the present Congress
does not at the present session make
substantial reductions the people in No-
vember will elect those pledged so to do.The Dressed Soap Kitchen.
From the Springfield Republican.One thing in particular the Republican
freedom dreads is the appearance of the
free soap kitchen for the unemployed.
The have the soup kitchen played with
the Democratic majorities in the hard
times of the early '90s was appalling.
Republican orators needed only to point
to them in order to prove on the spot the
responsibility of the party in power. It is,
therefore, most distressing to observe
present tendencies in New York City.
The soup kitchen threatens to arrive at
an early day. All the charity organiza-
tions agree that a grand rush of unem-
ployed into New York has begun, for
already these agencies are unable to meet
the demands upon them by the hordes
of strangers.Goes with the Business.
From the Chicago News.Corruption is charged in the city coun-
cil of Tokyo in connection with the street
railway purchase. Does graft follow the
street railway business regardless of
color, race, or nation?Where Needed.
From the Galveston News.It might be well for President Roose-
velt to call an internal peace conference
at Washington.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Hiram R. Burton, Representative-at-
Large from Delaware, is unlike his namesake
from Ohio in that he is married,
while the Ohio Mr. Burton is a confirmed
bachelor. Con-gressman Burton,
of Delaware, is
just ten years older
than Congress-
man Burton,
of Ohio, and is a
practicing physi-
cian in his native
town, the other
statesman by that
name being a law-
yer.From 1862 to 1865
he was engaged in
the dry goods busi-
ness in Washing-
ton, D. C., return-
ing home in the
winter part of 1865
to enter the medi-
cal department of
the University of
Pennsylvania. He was graduated in 1868,
and resuming his residence in his native
town, he at once became prominent in
promoting public utilities, and has always
taken part in every movement looking to
the improvement of public interests.Representative Burton, though always a
husy man, has found time to dabble in
politics, and is looked upon as the Repub-
lican leader in that section of the State.
The town of Lewes, Del., is a quaint old
place, and the citizens, from the humblest
fisherman to the wealthiest banker, do
not hesitate to go to Dr. Burton when
they wish anything done, whether for
themselves or for the town.Being the Congressman-at-large, Dr.
Burton has to get over considerable ter-
ritory when making a canvass of the
voters. It is said that during one of his
campaigns he visited the lighthouse-
keeper at Rehoboth Beach. The man in
charge of the light, a Virginian, was
of the various appliances, and his visitor
showed unusual interest in all he said.
When he had finished Dr. Burton asked
him if he had any grievances, and whether
Uncle Sam was good to him. "Purty
good," said the keeper, "but sir, the
hours are all fired long, and the pay
kind er meazley; howsomever, old man
Burton says he is going ter have things
changed fer our good.""Old be?" "Yes, sir." "Well, if Dr.
Burton said so, he will come pretty near
doing it," said the Congressman.Of the forty-six States in these United
States, only six send delegations composed
entirely of native born citizens of the
States they represent. The States so dis-
tinguished are Louisiana, Maine, Mary-
land, South Carolina, Vermont, and Vir-
ginia. Three States of the Union are
represented in the legislative branch of
the government by 21 native sons.
Of these 41 were born in New York, and
20 in Pennsylvania and Ohio, respectively.
Thirteen of the forty-three claiming New
York as their birthplace, now represent
other States in Congress; eleven of Pen-
sylvania's thirty-nine hail from other
States, while Ohio, the banner State in
this regard, has given to the States at
large, seventeen of her native sons.Of the 14 Senators and Representatives
from the Southern States, only one was
born north of the Mason and Dixon line.
one in the District of Columbia, one in
Iowa, one in Canada, and three in Ohio.
Fourteen members of the House are
foreign born, Cochran and McMillan, of
New York, in Ireland; McKinlay, of Cal-
ifornia; Campbell, of Kansas, and Hughes,
of West Virginia, in Canada; Kahn of
California; Bartholdt, of Missouri, and
Gustermann, of Wisconsin, in England;
McLachlan, of California, and Wilson, of
Pennsylvania, in Scotland; Salfath, of
Illinois, in Bohemia, and Linbergh, of
Minnesota, in Sweden.Judge John Frank Boyd, member of
Congress from the Third Nebraska dis-
trict, dropped into Senator Burket's
committee room yesterday. The judge
is a long, lean, Lincolnlike figure, with
fine humorous lines about his mouth, and
a drawing manner of speech which ac-
cords well with his build and his easy
go. He's long-drawn-out, collectively
speaking."Has the Senator got back?" he asked,
addressing Chief Clerk Morgan, just as
if the colossal figure of the Senator had
not been readily discernible in the mid-
dle distance.He has," said the Senator, rising,
smiling, and extending his hand all at
the same time.